

A DOG OF ALL TRADES.

Airedale Terriers Do All the Things Other Dogs Do.

"A dog of all trades" is the title given to the Airedale terrier by N. William Haynes in Field and Stream. They will do the work of almost every other breed.

They will hunt rats, mice and other vermin, run deer, foxes or rabbits, beat for birds, bait badger, draw coon, retrieve game under any conditions, each with equal gusto and success.

They flourish as well in the far north as in the damp, fever stricken tropics, as well in the sun burned, scorched plains of Arizona and New Mexico as in the cool pine forests of Canada or Maine. Equally at home on land or in water, in any climate or hunting any game, the Airedale is indeed a wonderful dog.

The German police have come to the conclusion that this breed makes the ideal police dog. In Paris the river police use these dogs with great success as preventers of suicides. Several European armies have adopted the Airedales as their dogs of war, in which capacity they excel.

In the Klondike they are used as sled dogs, though it has been found that they are most useful as a cross for the native huskies. This mating produces dogs that are said to be exceptionally valuable for this branch of work.

An Airedale will quickly learn to herd and drive sheep or cattle as well as any collie and is particularly useful as a guard or house dog.

In disposition the Airedale is faithful, loving and obedient, a combination of all that has always been admired in the dog. The story of the dog of this breed that dragged through four miles of howling blizzard the dead body of his master will always raise a lump in the throat of dog lovers.

The origin of this many sided dog is comparatively recent date. He appeared in Yorkshire, particularly in the valley of the Aire, from which he gets his name, about fifty years ago.

Although the dog's official name is Airedale terrier, still common usage, especially in England, has led to a dropping of the latter member, and he is now universally known and loved as the Airedale.

He was created, if the term be permissible, by those who had no knowledge of scientific dog breeding, but who desired a good all around dog—big enough to take care of himself and useful in hunting vermin, especially along the little streams. To do this they mated other breeds with all possible combinations of terriers and by a series of haphazard crossings and recrossings produced the waterside terrier, as he was then called.

From this very mixed and doubtfully bred dog the early breeders by careful breeding and some modifications produced the grand dog that is now so rapidly becoming a general favorite. But, well as they did their work, the mysterious foundations of the past are often cropping out in long, roundlike ears or white markings that should not be.

The Airedale has a hard, close coat; long, well shaped, expressive head; strong muzzle; neat V shaped ears; bright, dark eyes; well defined and strong neck; good shoulders; chest deep and narrow; forelegs straight as gun barrels, with plenty of bone; ribs well sprung; loins strong; hams and second thighs full, powerful and muscular; tail docked and carried nearly erect; action free and showy, as if always on the alert and never tired; color black or dark badger grizzle on back and neck; head, ears, chest, legs and thighs a deep tan.

Old Indian Armlets.

In a jewelry store at Enfield, I. T., there were recently exhibited two armlets made of metal and of the pattern worn extensively by the Indians a century ago. The armlets were found in an old Indian burying ground on the banks of a creek twenty-two miles west of Enfield. Evidently they had clasped the arms of some Indian brave who had been buried there, and the sands had drifted long after the remains of the Indian had passed to dust. The armlets are of the pattern that were annually given to the Indians by the government in the early days. Each of the armlets found bears the emblem of the government, and there are in the shield fifteen stars, indicating that at the time they were made there were fifteen states in the Union—Jewelry Circular-Weekly.

Souvenir Nutmeg Graters.

A lady who sailed for her home in Germany a few days ago took with her a dozen nutmeg graters and some tea strainers to be distributed as souvenirs to her visit to this country. "When I was twelve years ago," she said, "I brought home a nutmeg grater and gave it to an aunt, and every household who saw it envied her. When this aunt died, everything she owned was disposed of in her will with the exception of the nutmeg grater, and so many in the family wanted it that the simple article threatened to cause a fight among the heirs. Now, I will give each of them one and a tea strainer in addition. These are two household necessities which are almost unknown in the part of Germany that I live in."—New York Press.

An Underground River.

While a well was being bored near Marfa, Tex., an underground river was struck at a depth of 200 feet. With the artesian flow which poured forth from the mouth of the well came several articles of wearing apparel. This fact led to the conclusion that the river had its source in Arizona and that the articles mentioned were lost in the flood at Clifton, Ariz., which recently occurred.

The Old Age Problem.

Frank T. Bullen writes from New Zealand: "Of course you have heard all about the old age pension system out here, which is now about to be extended to Australia. It is hailed with intense satisfaction by all classes, who pride themselves upon having solved a problem that has baffled all the nations. In Auckland is the Country House For Aged People. Here the pensioners, the old folk can live most comfortably and do, having entire liberty to do what they please, just as if they had retired upon a competency of their own earning, and indeed, they are led to regard the old age pension in that very light."

The Morning Bath.

Heretofore no Englishman has been considered quite respectable unless he took an ice cold bath every morning. The London Hospital now boldly maintains that there can be no doubt that many a middle aged man would enjoy both better health and better temper if he took a warm instead of a cold bath.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

Best Known Because It Appeals to Common Religious Feeling.

The book of Psalms is perhaps the best known book in the world. No other portion of the Bible speaks to us, as it were, with a more familiar voice, says the London Spectator. It has an intimate and almost homely charm which commends it at once to the affections. Critics and theologians have discussed in endless volumes its origin, its interpretation or its authority, but neither comment nor controversy much affects the countless multitudes who love the Psalms. Men do not come to it with curious intellects, but with yearning hearts. What they seek in it is not learning or instruction, but comfort, consolation and some confidence of hope. It is to the sorrowful, the afflicted and the despairing that these sublime yet simple hymns make their constant and irresistible appeal. And they do so; they go home to the heart because they come so directly from the heart. They have that inspiration which is not less divine because it seems for the most part to come from the heart of a man, because it is so much a message communicated from without as an outflowing from the deepest springs of being or a revelation of thoughts written on the heart itself by the very "finger of God."

Their words, in fact, touch us so nearly exactly because they are so natural. The writers are subject to human weaknesses. They often exhibit the fierce passions of their age or form narrow conceptions of Jehovah or seem to look only for temporal promises, and yet their very failings only bind them to us with a closer bond and place in clearer relief the wonder of their faith. For the steadfastness and sureness of their faith is indeed a true marvel. They walk in darkness, but have no doubt, and amid dangers, but are without fear. "They shall put their trust in the Lord, shall be even as the Mount Zion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast forever." Such is the continual burden of the psalmists.

That Jehovah is merciful, loving and righteous and that as "their fathers put their trust in him and were not confounded" even so also should we put our trust in him, as it must everywhere and always be the foundation of all creeds, however complex; and it is just, we believe, because of this singleness, this simplicity of thought that the influence of the Psalms is so universal. They make their common appeal to all minds because they dwell almost wholly on those basic ideas which underlie not one particular belief only, but all religious beliefs that have arisen above the stage of superstition.

Belasco's Peculiar Way.

Once Belasco had been for weeks stubbornly contending with an immortal third act while the first two were already in rehearsal.

"I have it at last," he exclaimed, with a grateful relief, as he entered the theater to conduct the rehearsal. "Now I'll take two days off and write the dialogue."

Two days to write an act! That illustrates how little importance he attaches to the actual process of formulating expressions. He had taken weeks to construct the skeleton which these words were to clothe. He might rip them into tatters and strip them from his skeleton two or three times more before gaining the effect he had in view, for with true dramatic instinct he strives to let the action tell the story.—From "How Belasco Stages a Play" in Bohemian.

A Buried Forest.

Pirate hoards of Spanish doubloons are not the only buried wealth one may seek with spade and pick. A wonderful relic of the past has just been brought to light in Peterborough, England, in the discovery of a buried forest. At a depth of seven feet have been found a number of oak trees which have been covered for some 2,000 years. Most of the trees are almost perfect in condition and are being sold to furniture manufacturers and others. Altogether about eighty trees have been raised, and hundreds more are left in the ground untouched at a depth of five or six feet. In nearly all the trees the roots are found attached. The wood is extremely hard and can be worked only by machinery, as it turns the edge of an ax.—London Chronicle.

"Two Pigs and a Hog."

A man in Cape Breton left his estate of \$8,000 to trustees for the care of a pair of pigs. In his will he explained that he did this because "otherwise the money would be in the hands of pigs who denied their identities" and thus "the right as well give it to porkers who made no pretenses." He alluded to some attentive cousins who were looking for legacies. But what a lovely Christian spirit and how well prepared to die! Then, too, how noble a purpose to which to devote the savings of a frugal and industrious life! It suggests a certain sympathy and kinship between the benefactor and the objects of his bounty. And there are so many poor and hungry and helpless human beings to whom his \$8,000 would have meant much!—Boston Herald.

Those Empty Pews.

Some years ago our church paper contained a very able article on empty pews. The writer went on to say he had no doubt whatever that very many churches would gladly give a liberal reward to any person who could tell how to fill the empty pews. As far as we know, no one has as yet come forward to solve the knotty question or capture the prize. What an immense burden would be lifted from many a faithful pastor!—Heart and Home.

"English as She Is Wrote."

We publish the following communication, verbatim and in full, which we have just received:

Respected Sir—I, the undersigned, humbly and respectfully beg to bring these following lines to your benign magnanimity consideration with a fervent and sincere hope with meet success.

That I am a Compositor and I worked in many Straits Office, at present I have no employment. It seems very difficult to manage myself. So therefore, kindly Crave to beseech your honor to take me in your control as a Compositor in day or night. The Poor Petitioner awaiting for your honor's valuable reply.

For which act of Kindness I shall ever pray long life and prosperity. I beg to remain, Respected Sir, your most Obedient Servant.

COMPOSITOR.

—Singapore Eastern Daily Mail.

CARE OF CHAMELEONS.

How These Little Creatures Can Be Kept Alive For Years.

Chameleons can be kept alive for years by making a frame to fit over a plant in a flowerpot and covering it with mosquito netting, which must be long enough to tie with a string about the pot. Keep the pot in the sunniest window and water the plant every day through the netting. You will be surprised to see how eagerly the little creatures will drink the running water after they get over their fear. Set a wire fly trap for flies, which you can liberate under the netting. The chameleons will not be backward about helping themselves.

In winter they do not require much food, but will relish a meal worm occasionally on sunny days. Meal worms can sometimes be got at the grain stores for the asking or can be purchased at the bird stores, or small spiders can be found in cracks and crannies asleep for the winter. They may be frozen stiff if found out of doors, but they revive in a warm room. Chameleons enjoy a place to sleep at night and will sleep in a place of their own making. Take a piece of red flannel four inches wide and eight inches long; roll it over a stick as round as your finger and sew it into the round on the stick so that it will not come unwound; then slip off and run a wire through it long enough to suspend it from one of the branches on the plant. The chameleon will crawl into this cozy bed and go to sleep.—St. Nicholas.

GRAFTING FISH TAILS.

An Interesting Art in Which the Japanese Are Experts.

Among the many interesting arts in which the Japanese excel is that of the making of fish tails. Almost every one of the tails of the pie water and has seen the bush tailed goldfish, with its four, five and sometimes more long, wavy tails, but it is not generally known that most of them are not its own.

When the little goldfish are very, very young their flesh is as clear as glass, so that one can see every bone in their tiny bodies. At this time the few that are born with two or more tails are put by themselves, and then a queer looking old Jap, with a great magnifying glass fastened in front of his eye and wee sharp tools handy, reaches down under the plain little fish, and then three or four of these tails are joined on to the backbone where the one was cut off and fastened there with tiny bandages until they grow fast.

He Had Another Doctor.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system. "But, above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Captain Hiram Cack of Gloucester. 'Cack lay very ill. One day he got downhearted, feeling that his case was hopeless."

"I fear, doctor," he said, "there isn't much hope for me."

"Oh, yes, there is," the doctor answered. "Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now."

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly: "What doctor did you have?"

Paying in Church—Two Views.

A Jewish clergyman in Brooklyn, writing about people who habitually attend services at the synagogue without contributing toward its maintenance, calls them "moral parasites" and describes them further as "individuals whose religious life steals its substance from others." He says there are women "parasites" also and that he has known women "to beat or steal their way through their religious life." In the course of his letter he refers to them as "parasitic," "congregational parasites," "moral degenerates," etc., and says that "the race should come under the ban of human contempt."

The Joy of Owning Land.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe, and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you and you walk over it and call it your own it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original Proprietor of the earth.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Cause of His Joy.

"What are you looking so happy over, old man?"

"I am rejoicing over the birth of twins."

"Great Scott! I congratulate you!"

"Don't congratulate me. Go and congratulate Evans. He's the lucky man. I never did like him."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

His Attention.

Nan—How attentive young Mr. All-gawn is to his pretty wife! Fan—I don't wonder you notice it, but you must have been misinformed. They are not married yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Girl Friends.

Neil—Did you tell her I couldn't come? Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised. Neil—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chicken-pox? Belle—Yes; that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken-pox. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Five Indispensable Drugs.

"You need five drugs," said a foolish physician to a patient—"water, food, air, sleep and exercise." But the patient sought another doctor, and the foolish physician died poor.—Saturday Evening Post.

Turn your sorrows outward into currents of sympathy and deeds of kindness, and they will become a stream of blessings.—Cuyler.

BURNING MARTYRS.

Cost of the Funeral Pyres Told in a Curious Old Bill.

A bill for the materials with which to burn Cranmer and his fellow martyrs is probably the most curious and suggestive document ever presented for payment. The execution of Latimer and Ridley took place on Oct. 16, 1555, while Cranmer did not suffer until March 21 of the following year. The memorandum of the bill is included in the book which was found by Strype when he wrote his "Memoirs of Archbishop Cranmer" in 1693, in which the expenses of the martyrs were entered during their imprisonment. This book is probably somewhere among the manuscripts of Oxford university, now a grim, matter of fact witness to the fanatical hatred of the day.

The following are exact transcripts from the bills by the person who had charge of the funeral pyres:

"Paid for the burning of Archbishop Cranmer and his two fellow sufferers, Ridley and Latimer: For one hundred of wood fagots, 6s.; for one hundred and a half of furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; to the carriage of them, 8d.; to two loads of fagots to burn Ridley and Latimer, 12s.; item, one load of furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; for carriage of these four loads, 2s.; item, a post, 1s. 4d.; item, for chains, 3s. 4d.; item, for staples, 6d.; item, for laborers, 4d."—Scrap Book.

REAL COUNTRY LIFE.

Why the American Farmer Grows Old Early in Life.

Any one who has lived on a farm does not need to be told the reason farmers grow old early, for he knows of the strain under which the American farmer lives during the five months of spring and summer. His workday is from 4 or 5 in the morning until 8 or 9 at night, including chores—fifteen to seventeen hours of the hardest kind of physical labor, and every minute of it at high tension, especially during harvest. Then comes a period of relaxation in the fall, the one time in the year when he has just enough muscular exercise to keep him in health; later, the winter season, approaching stagnation, in which he takes on flesh, gets "loxy," and then a furious dash of hard labor through the spring and summer again. No wonder that by forty-five he has had a sunstroke and "can't stand the heat," or has a "weak back," or his "heart gives out," or a chill "makes him rheumatic," and when you add to this furious muscular strain the fact that the farmer sees his income put in peril every season and his very home every bad year, so that each unfavorable change in the weather sets his nerves on edge, it can be readily imagined that the real "quiet, peaceful country life" is something sadly different from the ideal.—Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in Harper's.

Pretty Crooked.

People who have seen cottonwood lumber warp when it came from the saw can appreciate a story about the first sawmill erected at Fort Scott. After the first day's sawing the owner of the mill came down from town, where he had been celebrating the "opening" with the boys. He looked over the ground boards scattered about the yard for a moment and then inquired with drunken gravity:

"Boys (hic), has that lumber been measured yet?"

"It has not," replied the foreman of the mill.

"Well, when it gets still, take a (hic) corkscrew and measure it!"

Dress in Old Massachusetts.

There was an ancient law in Massachusetts that ladies' dresses should be made long enough to hide their shoe buckles. In 1690 an act of the general court prohibited short sleeves and required garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists and gowns to the shoe buckles; "immoderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder bands, and they be silk robes, double ruffs and cuffs" were forbidden. In the same colony, in 1693, I. Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.

Worse Still.

She—You'll be glad to learn, dear, that I've got out of visiting our relatives. He—Grand! Splendid! It hung over me like a cloud. How did you manage it? She—Oh, I asked them here!—Life.

Meeting the Situation.

"I wonder if there's anything serious between that tall girl and the little captain?"

"I think there is. She has had the heels of all her shoes lowered."—Fleegende Blatter.

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We have a large line of all kinds of BUILDERS' MATERIAL,

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A trial order will convince you that we can save you money.

Let us give you our prices.

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The real estate of which Sallye D. Davis, died seized and possessed, consisting of two valuable farms as follows:

1st. All that farm located at Wattsfield, Accomack county, Va., containing 104 acres, more or less. On this tract is 50 to 60 acres of well timbered land.

2nd. All that farm located between New Church and Hornstown, containing 200 acres, more or less. On this tract about 100 acres of well timbered land. For terms, prices, and full particulars apply to

J. E. DAVIS,

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or E. W. Hutchinson,

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Don't Blame the Cook

If your bread and pastry is the soggy, indigestible misery-making kind. It's dollars to doughnuts that the FLOUR is guilty of the offense.

Our flour makes light, white, delicious bread and pastry always. "Poor Luck" is unknown, where it rules the cooking. It insures good results because it is uniform in quality—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and every day in the week the BEST.

Candidly, can you afford to go on using lap-hazard flour when our mill-to-consumer system puts our superior product in your home at less expense?

We cut out the retailers' profits. We sell our flour direct at wholesale prices. We will save you all those dollars that the retail dealer has previously pocketed. Try our method. You'll never go back to the old way. Write us for prices.

EAGLE MILLS, Pocomoke City, Md.

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Just received a car load of the well-known

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in side-bar and end spring, both for young and old men. Also have for sale Speed Carls, Runabouts of every style and fashion, Single and double wagons. Write us for prices.

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Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Builders' Hardware, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Bricks, and Building Material generally, Paints, Oils and Painters' Supplies.

We are prepared to cut house bills to order; also manufacture barrel staves and heads of good quality. Our grist mill will run every Saturday. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

We shall at all times be pleased to show our goods and invite you to call and inspect our stock before making your purchases and we will save you money.

MARTIN & MASON CO.,

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—\$100 for conviction of—

DUCK TRAPPERS,

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FOR DUCK-TRAPS.

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The Association will pay twenty-five cents each for duck-traps taken up and delivered complete to the President or a member of the Executive Committee.

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In Dress Gown and line shoes we are up-to-date. We carry the Smalts-Goodman "Regina" both in Oxford toes and high cut, and the Crosscut Shoes for Gents and Boys. We have just received a line of Mattings, Furniture, &c. We also offer for sale Bricks, Lime, Hair, Cement, &c.